



A GREAT BLACK HAND • CAPTAIN FLAG Story

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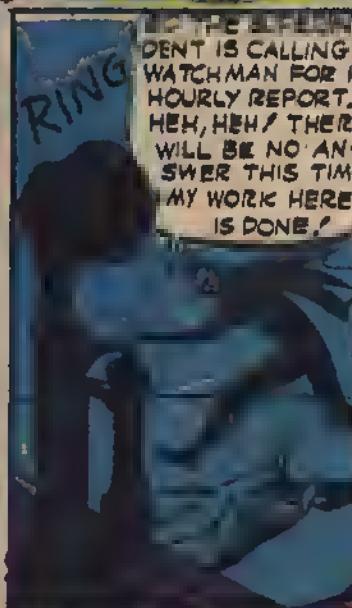
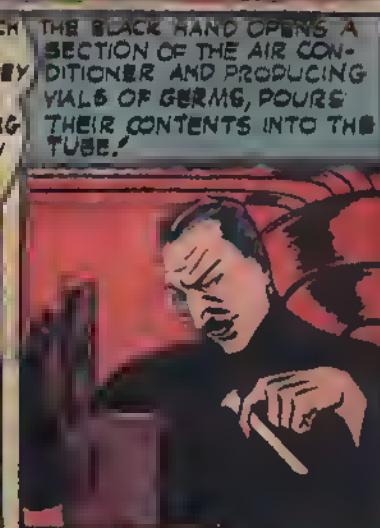
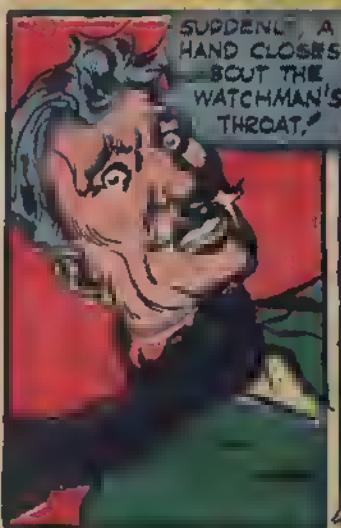
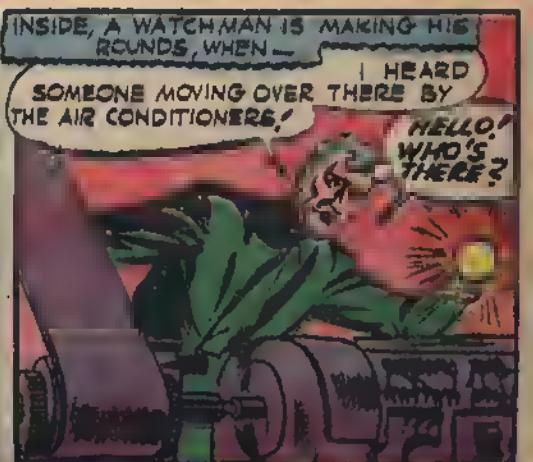
CAPTAIN FLAG

A SILENT, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE GLIDES THROUGH THE ENVELOPING SHROUD OF NIGHT. STEALTHILY WORKING HIS WAY TOWARDS A FACTORY... THE BLACK HAND IS ONCE AGAIN ON THE LOOSE! BUT THEN—LEAPING ON HIM FROM AN OVERHEAD GIRDER— CAPTAIN FLAG!

THE BLACK HAND SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND SWINGS A SECTION OF LEAD PIPE ON FLAG'S HEAD!

FOOL! DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING? I WOULD END YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE HERE AND NOW—BUT FOR THE FACT THAT I HAVE WORK TO DO AND LITTLE TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT!





MAYBE I CAN STILL
GET HIM! HE MUST
BE IN THE FACTORY
HERE SOMEWHERE!

BUT AS FLAG RACES AFTER HIS ENEMY, A FEEBLE
MOTION FROM THE WATCHMAN ATTRACTS HIS AT-
TENTION...

THERE HE
GOES! THIS
TIME I'LL
GET HIM!

SO HE GOT YOU,
DID HE? DON'T TRY TO TALK,
OLD TIMER! JUST RELAX FOR
A MOMENT!

POOR DEVIL! HE'S
DONE FOR! HIS FACE IS AL-
READY TURNING BLACK!

OUTSIDE...

COME ON, BOYS
SOMETHING'S
WRONG
INSIDE!

GREAT GHOSTS!
IT'S CAPTAIN
FLAG! GET
'EM UP, YOU!

OKAY, OFFICER! I'M NOT
ARMED, BUT COME
HERE — I CAN
EXPLAIN —

ALL WE KNOW
IS THE WATCH-
MAN DIDN'T AN-
SWER HIS HOURLY
REPORT!

AND WHEN WE
BREAK IN WE
FIND
THIS!

WE'RE TAKING YOU
INTO TH' JAIL HOUSE,
FLAG!

NEXT MORNING, AS THE WORKMEN ENTER THE FACTORY...

THE FIREMAN SETS THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT IN OPERATION...



MEN BEGIN TO GRASP THEIR THROATS AND HEADS...



AS THE GERM-LADEN AIR DROPS THEM TO THE FLOOR TO WRITHES IN ANGUISH AND TORTUROUS PAIN...



THE FIREMAN STAGGERS TO THE PHONE..



OPERATOR - GET - AM -
BALANCES - TO - FACTORY -
MEN DYING! HURRY!
UGH!

MUST -
GET - WORD -
MEN - ALL -
DYING -

WHILE AT THE PRISON...
I'M VERONICA DARNELL OF THE F.B.I.
I'D LIKE TO SEE
CAPTAIN FLAG!

YOU MAY HAVE 5
MINUTES, MISS!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS
LIKE I'M HAVING A
VISITOR?

I JUST GOT WORD THAT THE WORK-
MEN IN THE FACTORY WHERE THEY
PICKED YOU UP LAST NIGHT ARE
ALL DYING FROM A
HORRIBLE DISEASE!

WHAT?

ONLY ONE THING CAN SAVE THEM —
RADIUM! WE'RE HAVING A HALF-MIL-
LION DOLLARS WORTH SENT FROM
A VAULT IN CHICAGO AND...

GOOD LORD!
THAT'S IT
THEN?
THAT'S
WHY—

TIMES UP, MISS!

BUT I...

GO ON
AND DON'T
WORRY!
THE
BLACK HAND
WON'T GET
THAT RADIUM!

HALF-HOUR LATER

SAY, GUARD!
COME HERE A
MINUTE, WILL
YOU?

— I FELL Sudden-
LY, GRAPHS THE MAN AND
WHIRLS HIM AROUND...

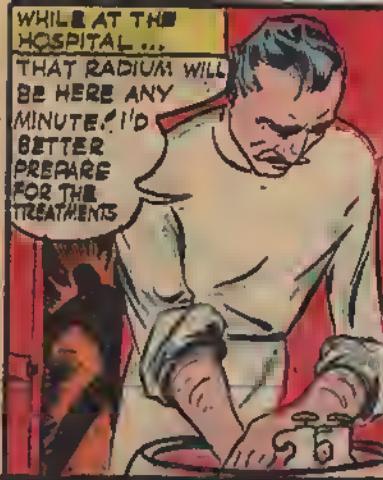
HEY, YOU!
WHAT'S THE...

FLAG UNLOCKS HIS
CELL DOOR WITH
THE JAILER'S KEYS
AND RACES DOWN
THE CORRIDOR!

A COUPLE
OF HEADACHE
POWDERS
WILL FIX YOU
UP — WHEN
YOU COME
TO!

CAPTAIN FLAG
DISPOSES OF ANOTHER
GUARD WHO BLOCKS HIS
WAY...





THANKS FOR
THE ESCORT
SERVICE! I'LL
DELIVER THIS
RADIUM.

AH! THE RADIUM!
YES, DOCTOR!
IT'S RIGHT
HERE IN THIS
BAG!

VERY WELL, MISS!
I'LL TAKE IT
NOW!

SAY... WAIT
A MINUTE! WHY
YOU - YOU'RE NOT
THE DOCTOR,
YOU'RE —

HEW! THAT'S RIGHT! THE
BLACK HAND, I THOUGHT YOU
HAD OUTWITTED ME. DIDN'T
YOU?

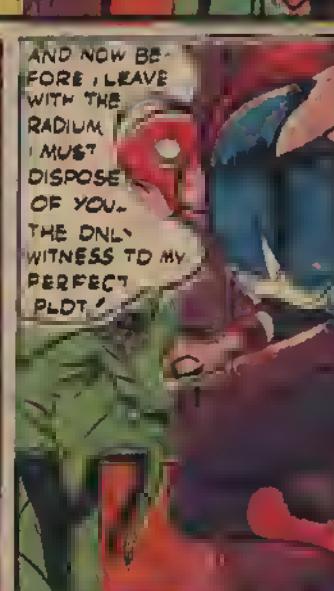
HELP!

FLAG REACHES THE HOSPITAL
AND RACES TO THE ENTRANCE.

I WON'T BELIEVE THAT RA-
DIUM IS SAFE UNTIL I SEE
IT IN THE DOCTOR'S POS-
SESSION! THE BLACK HAND
ISN'T AS EASILY OUT-FOXXED
AS THIS!

STEP BACK, GENTLE-
MEN! DON'T BLOCK
THE ENTRANCE!

AND NOW BE-
FORE I LEAVE WITH THE
RADIIUM,
I MUST
DISPOSE
OF YOU.
THE ONLY
WITNESS TO MY
PERFECT
PLT!



YOU'RE WRONG THERE! THERE
WERE TWO OF US PLAYING
"I SPY"!

CAPTAIN FLAG LASHES OUT WITH VICIOUS
BLOWS, FORCING THE BLACK HAND TO GIVE
GROUND!

THIS WILL STOP YOU,
YOU INFERNAL
MEDDLER!

TAKE THAT!

THE POLICE
CHARGE IN-
CRACKING
FLAG ON THE
SKULL WITH
THE DOOR
EDGE!

THE
BLACK
HAND LEAPS
OUT THE
WINDOW!

(IS HE DEAD?) WELL, WELL,
EVERYTIME I
MEET UP WITH
YOU I GET MY
HEAD CRACK-
ED.

WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE
BLACK
HAND?

HE HAD A
ROPE ATTACH-
ED TO THE
BUILDING!
HE GOT
AWAY!

AT ANY RATE, WE SAVED THE
RADIUM, THOSE WORKMEN'S
LIVES WILL BE SAVED, AND AS
FOR THE BLACK HAND- I'LL SET-
TLE MY SCORE WITH HIM SOME-
DAY!

MEANWHILE, FLAG, THE APOLOGIES
OF MY DEPARTMENT FOR
PLACING
YOU UN-
DER FALSE
ARREST!

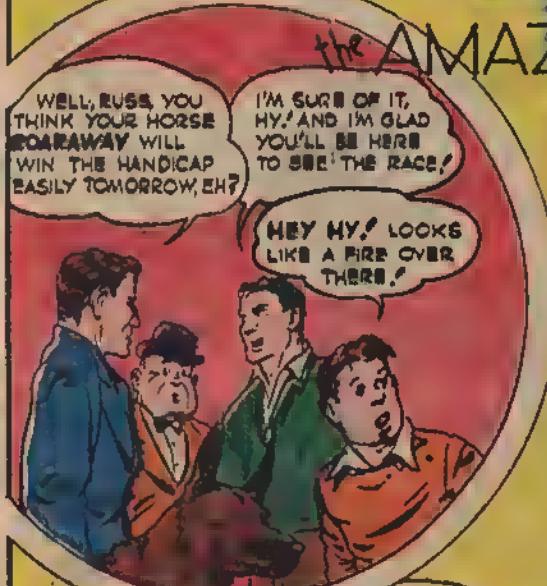
FORGET IT,
SERGEANT!
I'M ON MY WAY TO
PICK UP THE
BLACK
HAND, AND THIS
TIME- HE
WON'T GET
AWAY!

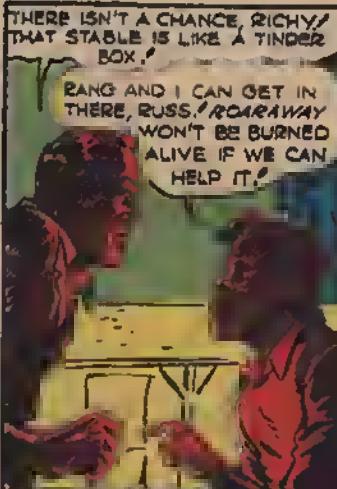
RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG... AND

Ricky,

THE AMAZING BOY





WHILE STANDING BACK IN THE GROUP OF ONLOOKERS....

NUTS! THAT KID WE STILL GOTTA ACE UP OUR SLEEVE, BEETLE C'MON!



THERE'S WOODS' JOCKEY! WE'LL PUT THE PRESSURE ON 'IM. HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW GRAND!



WHATTA YA' SAY EDDIE? GO A LITTLE PROPOSITION TO MAKE WITH YA?



THERE'S A COUPLE A GRAND HERE EDDIE! IT'S ENOUGH TO BUY YA A NICE COFFIN... OR YA CAN USE IT AND LIVE IF ROARAWAY DON'T WIN TOMORROW! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!



MEANWHILE....

RICHY, I'LL BE INDEBTED TO YOU AND RANG FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. THAT WAS THE MOST DARING PIECE OF WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!



WHERE TO NOW, YOU SMOKE EATER?

THINK I'LL WANDER OVER TO THE CLUB HOUSE AND WASH UP A BIT, HY. I SMELL LIKE A SMOKED HERRING.



LEAVES
RUSS, I HAVE A HUNCH-ONLY A HUNCH-THAT SOMEBODY SET THAT FIRE DELIBERATELY! NOW IN CASE THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE CODE YOU CAN USE TO GET IN A TOUCH WITH ME!



MEANTIME....

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? RUSS JOCKEY! AND HE'S TAKING MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH LOOKING BABIES!



BETTER STICK AROUND AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT



SO LONG, KID! JUST KEEP SMART AND YOU'LL LIVE TO DIE A GREAT-GRAND-PAPPY!

MAYBE I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT, EDDIE... BUT DO I SEE YOU TAKING MONEY FROM THOSE FELLOWS? IT'S AGAINST RACING RULES, YOU KNOW!



I LIKE T' HEAR GUYS LIKE YOU SHOOT OFF THEIR MOUTHS! IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO PLASTER 'EM SHUT!



HARD HEAD- SOFT BELLY! THAT'S THE WAY IT USUALLY IS!



I GUESS I WAS WRONG, RICHY! YOUR HEAD IS SOFT, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



THIS IS MY WHAT'S IT ALL JOCKEY, ABOUT RICHY?



EDDIE TOOK MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH-LOOKING FELLOWS AND WHEN I TRIED TO ASK HIM ABOUT IT, HE TOOK A SWING AT ME! SO I JUST WUNG BACK!



YOU'RE RIGHT, RICHY! HE'S GOT A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS ON HIM! WELL, EDDIE THIS FINISHES YOUR RIDING CAREER! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE RACING COMMISSION!

TSK! TSK! TSK!



MORNING POST

COOPER'S JOCKEY BANNED!
RICHY WATERS TO RIDE
ROARAWAY IN HANDICAP!

BULLETIN

LATE YESTERDAY, JOCKEY EDDIE WILSON WAS CROWNED THE CHAMPION OF THE RACE. HE'S BEEN A CHAMPION SINCE 1955, AND HE'S GOING TO BE A CHAMPION AGAIN IN 1956. HE'S GOT A LOT OF RACING LEFT IN HIM, AND HE'S GOING TO WIN IT ALL.



IN THE OFFICE OF 'SOLID EYES'
BREZNICK, THE CITY'S BIGGEST BOOKIE

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU TOOK CARE
OF EVERYTHING, DID YOU, YOU NUMB-
SKULLS? WELL, DID YOU
SEE THE MORNING
PAPERS?

BUT IT AINT OUR
FAULT! WE
THOUGHT—

I COVERED SO MANY BETS
ON AGARAWAY THAT I'LL
BE RUINED IF HE WINS! NOW
DO WHAT I TELL YOU: GET
RUSS COOPER AND TAKE
HIM OUT TO THE SHACK
IN MORGAN COUNTY! I
DON'T CARE HOW GENTLE
YOU ARE, E' THER!

SEE THAT HE'S OUT COLD,
TIED UP, BLINDFOLDED AND
TAKEN TO THAT SHACK WITH-
OUT KNOWING WHERE HE'S
GOING!

WE GOT YA, BOSS!

LATER...AT THE RACE TRACK....

WELL, HY, WE'VE GOT A NEW
STABLE AND ROARAWAY'S ALL SET
TO RUN. WITH YOU AND RANG
AND TRIG ON GUARD, I FEEL
SAFE! I'LL GO OVER AND SEE
HOW RICHY'S COMING WITH HIS
WEIGHING IN.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE GOES! AND
HERE WE GO!

THINK HE'S OUT COLD ENOUGH?

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH
HIM, HE'LL THINK HE'S
BEEN IN A ICEBOX
FOR A WEEK!

GET THAT HANDKERCHIEF OVER
HIS EYES! THE BOSS DON'T
WANT HIM TO KNOW WHERE
HE'S GOIN'

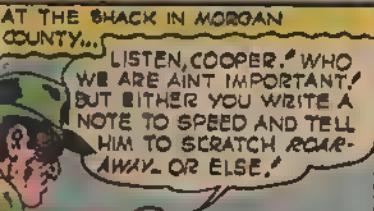
OR WHERE HE
IS WHEN HE
GITS DERE!

THE CAR SPEEDS OUT TOWARDS MORGAN
COUNTY WITH RUES BOUND AND BLINDFOLDED
ON THE REAR SEAT...

THE BOSS WON'T HAVE
NO KICKS COMIN' NOW,
BEETLE!

YOU SAID IT!
WE DONE
THIS JOE—
RIGHT!

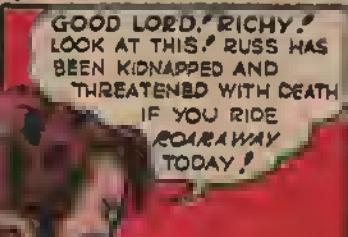
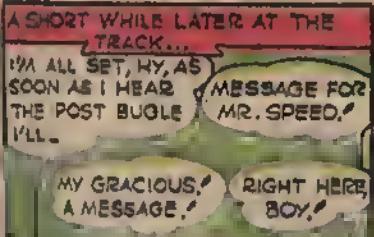




GOOD. THEY'RE GIVING ME A CHANCE TO WRITE A NOTE. THAT CODE HY GAVE ME WILL COME IN HANOY. I'LL USE IT AND TIP HIM OFF WHERE I AM - AND TELL HIM TO RACE ROARAWAY NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!



HERE'S TH' PAPER AN' A PEN, BUT DON'T TAKE HIS BLINDFOLD OFF TIL I GET OUT OF HERE! THEN ONE OF YOU GUYS GIMME THE NOTE OUTSIDE AN' I'LL SEE A MESSENGER DELIVERS IT TO SPEED!



HE WAS SMART - HE USED A CODE I SHOWED HIM! HE DOESN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS - BUT HE COUNTED THE NUMBER OF LEFT AND RIGHT TURNS - AND BELIEVES HE'S ABOUT TWENTY MILES OVER THE COUNTY LINE - IN MORGAN COUNTY! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



HY AND RANO START OFF TOWARDS MORGAN COUNTY...



WHILE AT THE TRACK, THE BUGLER SOUNDS THE CALL TO POST...



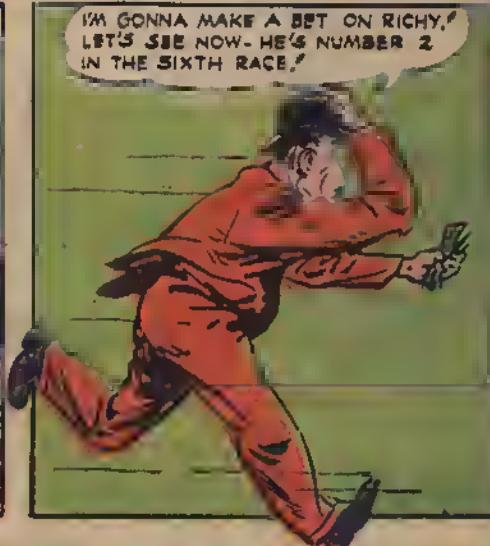
WELL, TRIO, WE'RE ABOUT READY TO START. WISH ME LUCK.



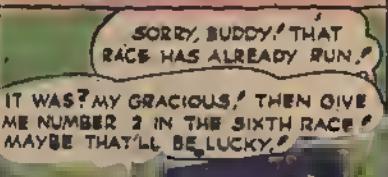
RICHY, ON ROGAWAY, JOINS THE PARADE TO POST...



I'M GONNA MAKE A BET ON RICHY. LET'S SEE NOW - HE'S NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE!



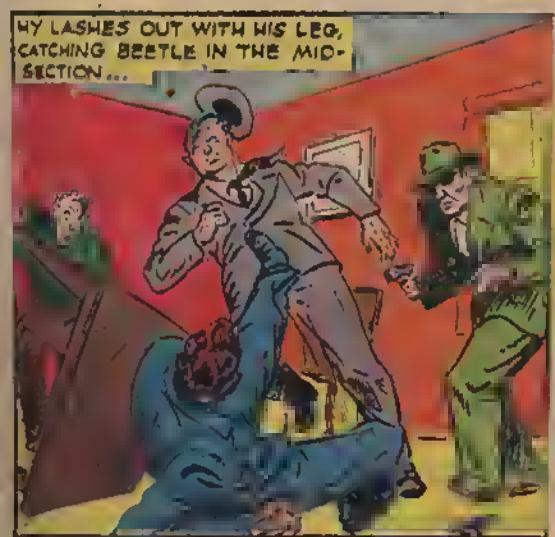
TEN DOLLARS ON NUMBER 6 IN THE SECOND RACE!

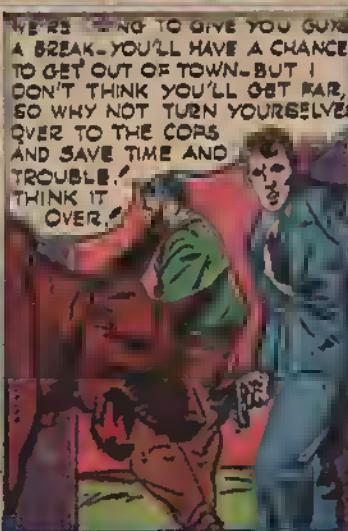


IT WAS? MY GRACIOUS! THEN GIVE ME NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE! MAYBE THAT'LL BE LUCKY!

BRESNECK, MEANTIME, ARRIVES AT THE TRACK...







NOT LONG AFTERWARD, MY RUSS AND RANG ARRIVED AT THE TRACK. JUST AS THE HORSES ROUND THE FAR TURN - WITH RICHY IN SECOND PLACE ...



GOSH! LOOK AT RICHY BOY! I WISH I'D BEEN ABLE TO PUT A BET ON HIM INSTEAD OF NUMBER 2! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT GUY AT THE WINDOW SAID THE RACE WAS OVER!



LET'S SPLIT UP, RUSS. BREZNECK WILL BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE FINISH LINE!

I'LL COVER THE GRANDSTAND, HY.



SO THE KID IS TRYIN' TO WIN, IS HE? OKAY - HERE'S MY ANSWER!



AS ROARAWAY FLAGGES DOWN THE STRETCH, BREZNECK LEVELS HIS GUN...



AND THE WONDER DOG, HAVING RICKED UP HIS SCENT, MAKES A MAGNIFICENT LEAP ONTO THE BOOKIES BACK...



MY AND RUSS, HEARING THE SHOT, RUSHES UP TO MAKE BREZNECK'S CAPTURE SECURE!...



GOOD WORK, RANG!

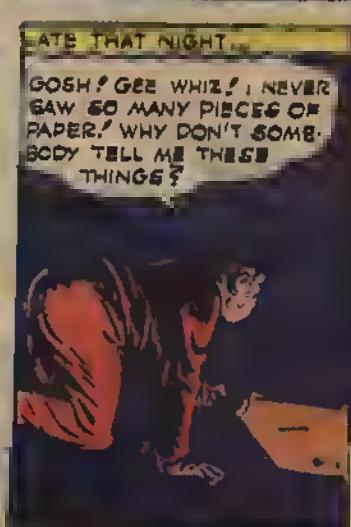
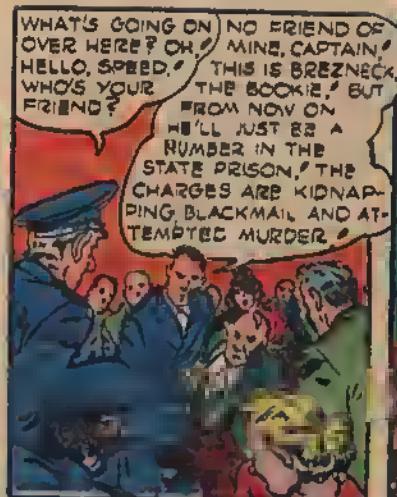
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LOOK OUT!

THAT MAN HAS A GUN!

WHILE ROARAWAY WITH RICHY UP, GALLOPS ACROSS THE FINISH LINE - THE WINNER BY A LENGTH!





the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the Honor Legion.

1st Way—By helping with your Rang-a-Tang club membership, write a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed in saving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wildlife, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

All letters must be certified by parent or guardian. All those who become charter members will have their names published in the pages of the Blue Ribbon Comics.

Outstanding letters will be published in the magazine. Honor Legion.

2nd Way—Send two of your friends as members of the Rang-a-Tang Club. Here's how to do it:

1—Fill out a form applying for membership in the club in the same way as you did.

2—Then drop me a post card giving me their names and addresses.

3—Cut out and write your own name and address on this card so that our new members know you're a charter member of the Honor Legion.

Charter members of the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion will receive a beautifully engraved Honor Legion diploma, available for mailing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine; the author, Joe Blair; the artist, Ed Smale, Joe, and myself.

Just remember this: It is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Once in!

Joe Slawson

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Joseph B. Silverman	John Tolson	Florian Fornasari
101 W. 42nd St.	6006 Ridge Germ.	4709 Page Blvd.
New York, N.Y.	Phila., Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.
Carolyn Young	Bonita Codeywood	John Piccetti
101 Lyons Lane	5th & A. Tucson Blvd.	202 Sixth Ave.
Bethesda, Md.	Tucson, Arizona	Harrick, N.J.
Julie Barnes	Patricia Krasnow	John McFarland
25 Hampton Rd.	51st & Mayfield Ave.	Collingsville, Pa.
Clarendon, Va.	Chicago, Ill.	

MY SPEED
46 BLUE RIBBON COMICS
160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SPEED:

PLEASE ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN TO COVER COST OF HANDLING. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I AM TO RECEIVE MY MEMBERSHIP CARD AND A RANG-A-TANG BUTTON.

NAME: *(front address)* ADDRESS: *(back address)*

CITY AND STATE: *(city and state)*

OATH: ON MY HONOR, I PLEDGE MYSELF TO DEAL KINDLY WITH ALL ANIMALS, BE THEY IN DISTRESS OR OTHERWISE, TO DO A GOOD DEED WHENEVER I CAN, IN ALL PLACES, AT ALL TIMES. I WILL KEEP THIS PLEDGE CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART AND IN MY MIND. I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR—

SIGN NAME: *(sign name)*

HOW TO JOIN THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

Fill in the coupon which contains the Rang-a-Tang Oath and mail it to My Speed together with 10¢ in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the Rang-a-Tang Club will receive an embossed membership card and a Rang-a-Tang button as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's booklet "Highlights on the Health of Your Dog and Cat" and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only the professional advice of Dr. Alexander Slawson, veterinarian, absolutely free.

THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Dear Mr. Speed,

Not so long ago I saw a man snapping his dog. I yelled for him to stop, but the dog just grabbed at me to get away or held fast to get a taste of the pulp myself. The man had chained up the dog and the dog was bleeding, so I called till the man ran gone in, then I released over the fence, got the dog loose, and took him home with me. My dad sent to the dog owner and the owner said I could keep it, so I did. Free arm on my pulse!

Silly Walker
El Paso, Texas

QUESTIONNAIRE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME: *(name)*
 ADDRESS: *(address)*
 BREED OF DOG: *(breed)* SEX OF DOG: *(sex)*
 APPROXIMATE WEIGHT: *(weight)* CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR): *(condition)*
 EYES: *(eyes)* NOSE: *(nose)*
 OTHER REMARKS: *(other remarks)*

AGE: *(age)*

The

Montana



ALL PATTON, STAFF MEMBER OF THE 'DAILY GLOBE', INTERVIEWS THE CONDEMNED BARNEY JONES IN HIS DEATH CELL...

I KNOW IT'S WHAT EVERY CONDEMNED MAN ALWAYS SAYS, BUT IT'S TRUE. I SWEAR IT.

I DIDN'T KILL THAT WATCHMAN AT THE BANK. "RED" BARKER AND HIS GANG FRAMED ME! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK MY PAL BILL BRONSON. HE KNOWS THE WHOLE STORY, BUT WHEN THE COPS GRABBED ME, HE GOT SCARED AN' RAN! I KNOW HE'LL TELL THE TRUTH IF YOU TALK TO HIM! TELL HIM MY LIFE DEPENDS ON HIS STORY!

GOT A STORY, YEAH! SOME PATTON? STORY, ALL KILLERS ARE THE SAME - THEY ALWAYS TRY TO ALIB' THEIR WAY OUT!

BUT THAT NIGHT, PAUL PATTON BECOMES THE FOX- AND SWINGS UP THE FIRE ESCAPE INTO BILL BRONSON'S HOME...

KIND OF DARK IN HERE!
GUESS I'LL MAKE MYSELF AT HOME AND WAIT FOR BRONSON.

THE FOX SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT...

BARNEY JONES MIGHT HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THE TRUTH, I'LL SEE WHAT HIS PAL BRONSON HAS TO SAY!

SUPPERIN' SUN-FISH! LOOKS LIKE I HAVE COMPANY!

BRONSON, KNIFED!

AND JONES SAID HE WAS THE ONLY GUY WHO COULD CLEAR HIM!

HM... MAYBE JONES WAS TELLING THE TRUTH AFTER ALL. IF RED BARKER KNEW THAT BRONSON HAD THE GOODS ON HIM, HE'D RUB HIM OUT, WOULDN'T HE? AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S DONE!

...AND CALLS RED BARKER!

ARE YOU SOME GUY THAT'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME FOR SOMETHIN'?

YEAH? OKAY. SO WHAT? YOU'RE A COP-HATER, WHATEVER YOU ARE, SO BILL BRONSON AIN'T DEAD AND HE'S ON TH' WAY TO SQUEAL TO TH' D.A.? HEY! WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?

THE FOX PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE...

YOU'LL FRAME YOURSELF, BARKER, IF BILL BRONSON YAPS TO THE D.A.! THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY. SO LONG!

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY....

WHAT? A GUY BY THE NAME OF BRONSON IS GOING TO DO WHAT?

I SAID HE'S ON HIS WAY TO YOUR OFFICE RIGHT NOW TO CLEAR BARNEY JONES OF THAT MURDER RAP! STICK AROUND, D.A., I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING!

I MAY BE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, BUT I'VE STARTED THIS THING AND I'M GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH IT!



AND HOPE NOBODY SEES ME, ESPECIALLY BARKER AND HIS MOB!

NOW, THEN! WE JUST PUT BRONSON IN THIS CAR BEHIND THE WHEEL AND I DRIVE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, RED BARKER AND HIS MOBSTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE....

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, YOU MUGS! TH' MINUTE YOU SPOT BRONSON, LET 'IM HAVE IT! WE GOTTA BE SURE WE FINISH HIM THIS TIME!



THE FOX DUCKS LOW IN THE SEAT AS HE STEERS THE CAR TO THE CURB AND TURNS OFF THE IGNITION...

HM! I THINK MY GANGSTER FRIENDS ARE ALREADY WAITING! HOPE HAVEN'T KEPT THEM TOO LONG!

BARKER'S CAR STARTS UP AND BEGINS TO SWING AROUND IN A J-TURN...

SHOULD WE PLUG 'IM NOW, BOSS? NO! WAIT 'TLL WE GET RIGHT UP BESIDE HIM LIKE SAID!

AS THE MOBSTERS APPROACH THE FOX SLIPS OUT OF THE CAR...

GET READY! HERE WE GO!



OKAY! NOW! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS!

THE MOBSTERS OPEN FIRE ON BRONSON'S DEAD BODY...

AND THE FOX SNAPS PICTURE AFTER PICTURE...



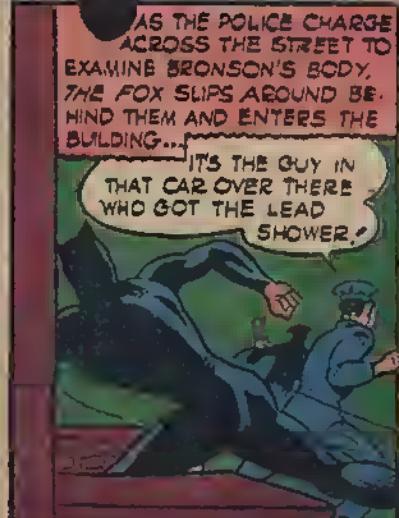
WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTIN' GOIN' ON OUT HERE?

IT FROZEN OUT
A CAR -
BUT IT'S
GONE NOW!

AS THE POLICE CHARGE ACROSS THE STREET TO EXAMINE BRONSON'S BODY, THE FOX SLIPS AROUND BEHIND THEM AND ENTERS THE BUILDING...

IT'S THE GUY IN THAT CAR OVER THERE WHO GOT THE LEAD SHOWER!

HERE YOU ARE, MR. D.A. / DEVELOP THAT ROLL OF FILM AND YOU'LL KNOW WHO JUST RIDDLED BILL BRONSON'S BODY TO SHUT HIM UP!



LATER, IN THE POLICE
DEVELOPING ROOM...

HERE'S THE PRINTS
OF THAT FILM
THE FOX GAVE
YOU! THEY'RE
DYNAMITE!

HOLY SMOKE, RED
BARKER... AS CLEAR AS DAY!

BOY, MEN, THAT'S
ENOUGH EVIDENCE FOR
ME! WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR? GO OUT
AND GET BARKER AND
HIS HOB!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE POLICE SQUAD
CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CITY ON
THEIR WAY TO BARKER'S HEADQUARTERS!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
IF ONE OF THEM MAKES
A MOVE FOR HIS GUN...
SHOOT FIRST AND
ASK QUESTIONS
LATER!

GOOD! THERE GO
THE POLICE! NOW
I'LL MOSEY AROUND
TO THE REAR OF
THE HOUSE AND
KEEP WATCH
THERE!

THE FIGHTING D.A. LEADS HIS MEN INTO THE HOUSE, TAKING BARKER'S
MEN BY SURPRISE!

GAME'S UP, BOYS!
DON'T TRY ANY
TRICKS!

WHATTA THEY
GOT ON US?

JEPPERS!
THE COPS!

IN THE BACK ROOM...

TH' D.A. AN HIS MEN,
THAT MEANS THEY GOT
SOMETHIN' ON ME OR
THEY WOULDN'T BE
HERE!

BARKER SNEAKS OUT A REAR WINDOW...

I CAN STILL MAKE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!

DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT!

OOPS! KIND OF SLIPPERY, ISN'T IT?



HERE'S THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

LATER... PAUL PATTON ARRIVES AT THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY GLOBE... HEY CHIEF! I JUST GOT A HOT TIP! I HEAR BARRY JONES ISN'T GUILTY OF THAT MURDER RAP!

NO KIDDIN'! WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT THE FIRST PAGE OF THE GLOBE!

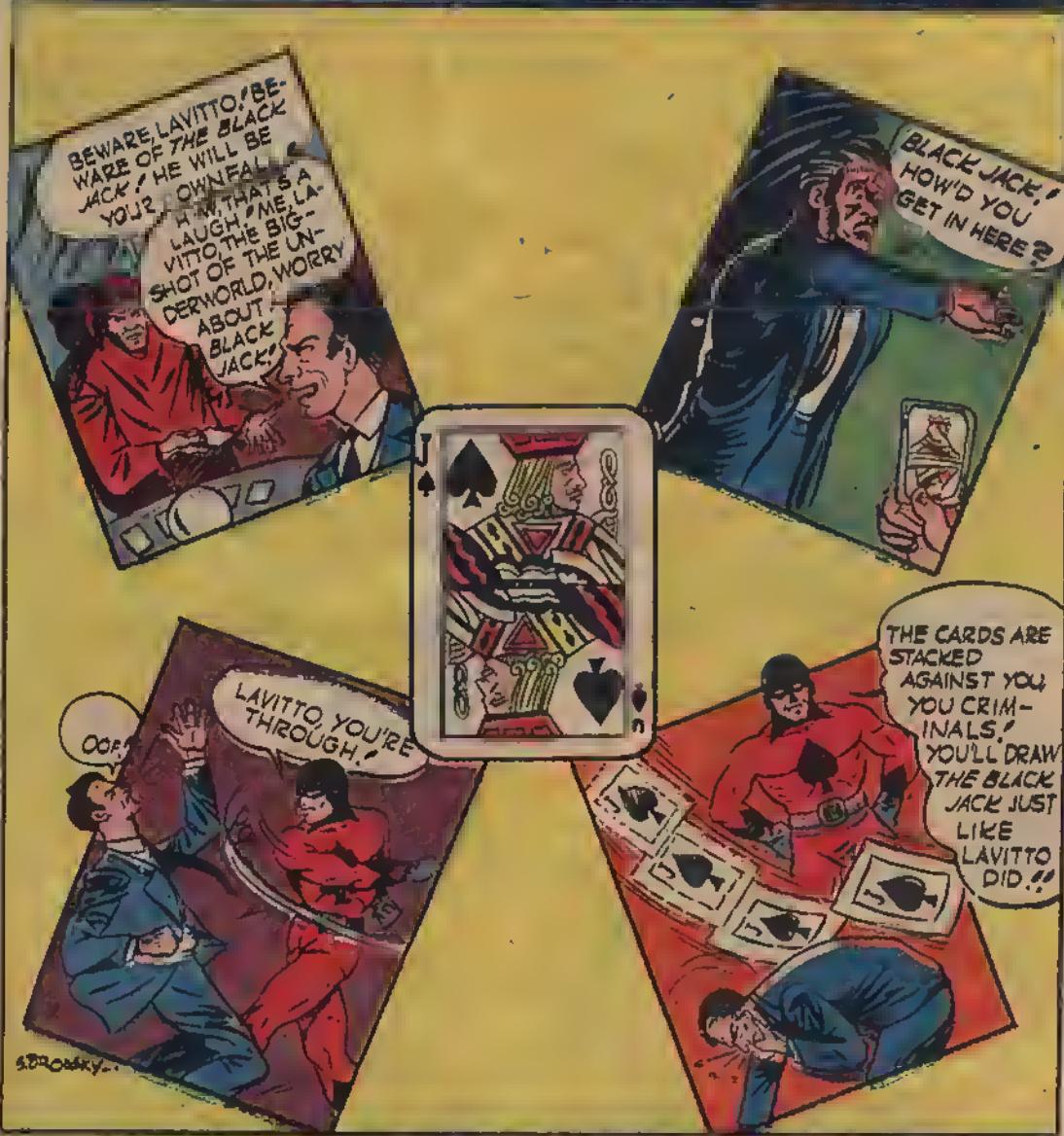
Daily Globe
FOX CRACKS MURDER CASE!
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!



5-STAR PATTON RUNS SMACK INTO ANOTHER THRILLER-AND THE FOX CLEARS UP THE CASE FOR HIM AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE RIBBON COMICS!**

BLACK JACK

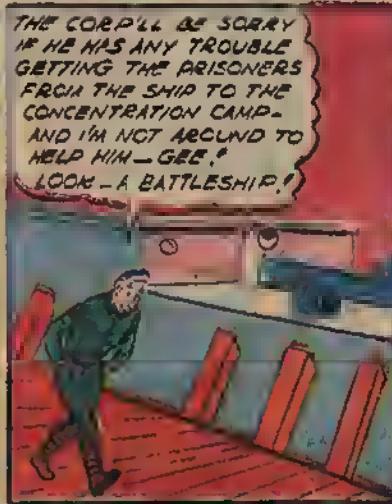
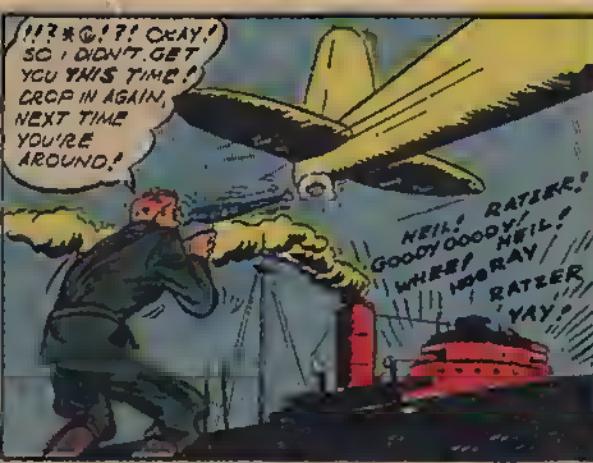
APPEARS IN THE NOV. ZIP COMICS



STEEL STERLING AND BLACK JACK—A COMBINATION THAT MAKES ZIP COMICS THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD... ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!

CORPORAL COLLINS INFANTRYMAN





THAT CLUMSY SO AND SO!
WHY DOESN'T HE WATCH
WHAT HE'S DOING?
UGH!



SON OF A SEA-COOK!
NOW I'VE DONE IT!
THE WHOLE THING'LL
COME CRASHIN'
DOWN!

GEE! IF CORP
SEES WHAT I'VE
DONE HE'LL BE
MADDER!

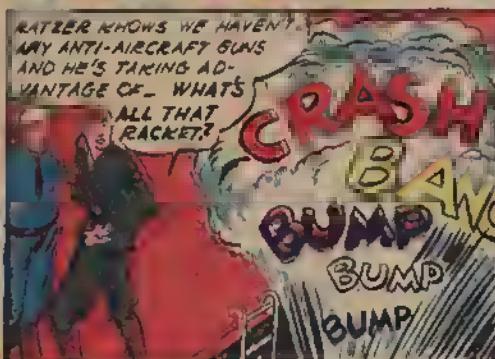


HEBBIE I CAN FIX
IT!



RATHER KNOWS WE HAVEN'
ANY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
AND HE'S TAKING AD-
VANTAGE OF - WHAT'S
ALL THAT RACKET?

CRASH
BANG
BUMP
BUMP
BUMP



SLAPSIE!
WHAT'S GOING ON
DOWN THERE?



WELL... ER... YOU SEE
CORP, MY SUSPENDERS...
ER... PULLED DOWN THE
BATTLESHIP AND I WAS
JUST...

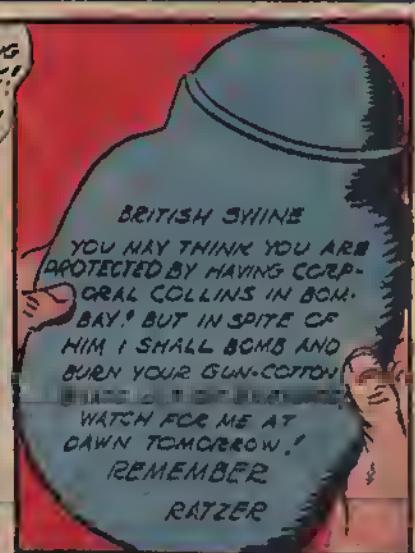


SUFFERIN' SNIPERS!
LOOKA THE WAY THAT
BOAT IS TIPPED UP!
HEY!... WAIT A MINUTE!
THAT GIVES ME A
THOUGHT!

THE DOCK IS A WIDE-
OPEN TARGET BECAUSE
THEY HAVEN'T A SINGLE
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!
BUT THOSE BATTLESHIP
GUNS TILTED UP THE
WAY THEY ARE OUGHTA
BE JUST AS EFFECTIVE!



GEE, YOU CATCH
ON QUICK! THAT'S
JUST WHAT I
FIGURED, CORP!



AND HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE
WE'LL GUARD THEM WITH
ONLY 50 MEN? MAYBE
YOU HAVE AN IDEA!

WHAT?

WHERE ARE YOU
OFF TO? 2
COLLINS

RATZER'S TOO CLEVER TO
WARN US WHAT HE'S UP TO!
I BET HE'S AFTER THOSE
PRISONERS!

WITH EVERYONE FIGHTING FIRES AT
THE DOCK, HE'D BE IN A PERFECT
SPOT TO FREE THE PRISONERS AND
TAKE OVER THE TOWN!

WHILE COLLINS
SPEEDS TO THE
CAMP TO WARN T
GUARDS—MILES
AWAY IN A DIMLY-
LIT NAZI HIDEAWAY
KNOWN ONLY TO
GESTAPO-STA
RATZER, RATZER,
THE RUTHLESS
MENACE WHOSE
CUNNING AND
SAVAGE DEVILTRY
MAKE HIM
FEARED FROM
BOMBAY TO
BRISTOL!

AT LAST I'VE
A MATCH FOR MY
WITS, CORPORAL
COLLINS IS IN BOM-
BAY!

THAT'S WHERE
10,000 OF OUR
MEN ARE BEING
HELD PRISONERS!

WE MUST
RESCUE
THEM!

YOU ARE
RIGHT! WE
MUST AND
WE WILL!

WHAT I HAVE PLANNED
CANNOT FAIL!
YOU SHALL SEE!

ANXIOUS HOURS OVER BOMBAY
END AS DAWN PROCLAIMS A NEW
AND TERRIBLE DAY!

SLAPSIE, I WANT YOU TO GET BACK TO THE
DOCK AND KEEP THE NATIVES LOADING THE
BOAT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, GET IT? NO
MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, WE DON'T WANT RATZER
GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

YOU CAN
COUNT
ON ME, CORP.

THE BLACK SHADOW OF DEATH LOOMS
OVER THE HORIZON—THE DREADED
GERMAN ACE, RATZER!





I'LL GET RATZER DEAD OR ALIVE!...BUT AFTER THAT CRASH, THE FIRST IS MORE LIKELY!

I'LL BE! HE GOT OUT UNSCATHED AFTER ALL!.. THAT GUY'S GOT MORE LUCK THAN LOADED DICE!

WHAT'S THE HURRY?

OOF! OH, SO WE LIKE TO KICK, DO WE?

I'M GETTING OUT OF CORP'S WAY - NUTS! MY SUSPENDERS CAUGHT -

TEMPORARILY STUNNED, COLLINS LETS GO OF RATZER

WHERE DID HE GO?

WHILE THE GUN-COTTON ECATS PADDLE TO DELIVER THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO TO BRITAIN!

CONGRATULATIONS, COLLINS! THAT'S THE CLEANEST DEFENSE WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!

THANKS, GENERAL, BUT I DON'T THINK OUR WORK'S OVER YET!

RATZER GOT AWAY, BUT I'LL GET THAT CUNNING DEVIL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!!!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE THE CORPS REALLY MET SOMEBODY WHO CAN GET HIS DANDER UP BESIDES SERGEANT BOYLE! WHAT A BREAK FOR YOU! READ THE NEXT BLUE RIBBON COMICS AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!!

SON OF THE
TIGER
by JOE BLAIR

TY-GOR



GO ON, YOU
BIG LUG!

TY-GOR, TY-GOR
BAH, RAH, RAH!

TY-GOR AND MALMA ARE BOUND FOR
MALAY, WITH TY'S GUARDIANS-EXPLORER DAVIS
AND JOAN. BUT TWO DAYS OUT AT SEA,
THEY DISCOVER A STOWAWAY-JUNIOR DE
SNOK, SON OF THE WEALTHY MAN WHO IS
PAYING FOR THE EXPEDITION!...



TY-GOR! TAKE MALMA AWAY AT ONCE!
YOU MUSTN'T FRIGHTEN JUNIOR LIKE THAT!

THE JUNGLE BOY LEADS HIS BELOVED
TIGRESS SLOWLY TOWARDS HER
CAVE...

I'LL SHOW THAT SIS-
SY HE AINT SO TOUGH!



TY-GOR BENDS DOWN
AND WHISPERS IN THE
GREAT CAT'S EAR...



THE NEXT MOMENT....

HEY! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
I DIDN'T DO NOTHING! LEAVE
ME ALONE!

MALMA LUNGES AT
THE BOY....



GOOD
HEAVENS!
MALMA WILL
MAUL HIM
TO DEATH!



DAD, DO SOMETHING! MALMA ISN'T HURTING HIM! HE DESERVES WHAT I THINK HE'S GOING TO GET!

MALMA, MALMA! COME TO TY-GOR! WHEE!

THE TIGRESS LOPES BACK TO TYGOR WITH JUNIOR DE SNOOK IN HER GRASP....

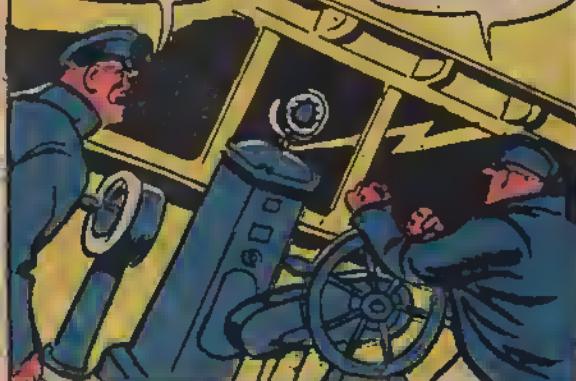
WHILE MALMA HOLDS DE SNOOK, TY-GOR GIVES HIM A SPANKING...

IF DE SNOOK DOESN'T LEARN TO BE A GENTLEMAN ON THIS TRIP, IT WON'T BE TY-GOR'S FAULT!

BUT WHAT'S THIS?.. A MASS OF DARK CLOUDS FORM IN THE SKIES AND THE LIGHTNING BEGINS TO LASH OUT AT THE SHIP!....

DIRTY WEATHER AHEAD, MISTER! HEAD HER SOUTHBY SOUTHEAST!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



MAKE FAST THE LIFE LINES! THIS STORM IS PRETTY BAD!

AYE, AYE SIR!

AS THE STORM APPROACHES CLOSER AND CLOSER - THE CAPTAIN REALIZES ITS TYPE - A TYPHOON!

IT'S A TWISTER FOLKE! PRETTY TICKLISH SITUATION WERE IN! BETTER GET BELOW DECK!

JOAN STARTS IN SEARCH FOR TY-GORE...

OH, WHERE IS HE? HE'LL BE WASHED OVERBOARD!

JUNIOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? GET IN-SIDE... AND WHERE IS TY-GORE?

I SAW HIM GOING ALONG THE DECK A MINUTE AGO!

THE TYPHOON IS GOING TO HIT US, MISTER! WE CAN'T ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE STORM! GET EVERYONE INSIDE!



NUTS!! I AINT NO SISSEY! I'M GONNA STAY OUT HERE AND SEE WHAT A REAL STORM AT SEA IS LIKE!

IN THE DAVIS' CABIN....

GOOD LORD, IF IT'S AS BAD AS THIS IN HERE - WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE OUTSIDE?



WHILE ON THE DECK, JUNIOR IS CLINGING TO THE LIFE-LINE DESPERATELY TRYING TO KEEP FROM BEING SWEEPED OVERBOARD!!

HELP! HELP!



JUNIOR IS FLUNG INTO THE SEA!

HELP! HELP!



A HUGE TIDAL WAVE ENGULFS THE SHIP, HURTLING TONS OF WATER CRASHING ON THE DECK... AND THE SHIP STARTS TO SINK!!

IT'S JUNIOR, COME ON, MALMA!



ATOP SOME OF THE SHIP'S
WRECKAGE....

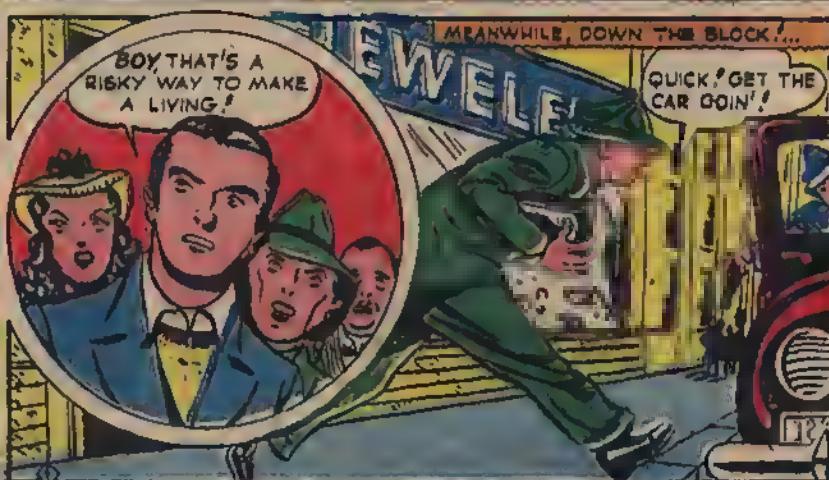
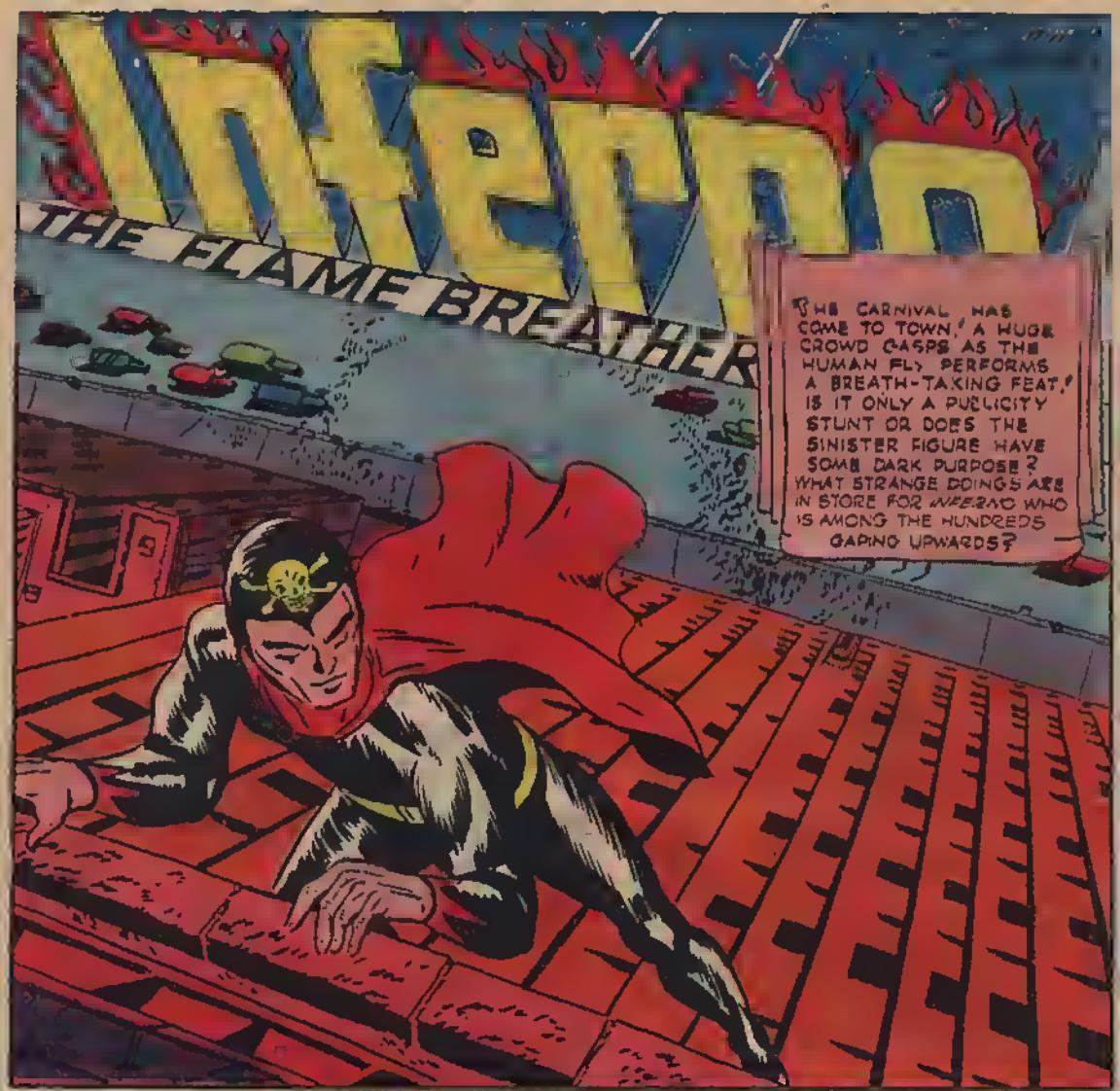
MALMA SUDDENLY
LOWERS HER HEAD
AND ROARS!

A TROPIC ISLAND!



ALL DAY LONG,
TY-GOR WORKS
OVER HIM—AND AS
NIGHT FALLS...

6
THE THREE COMPANIONS FIND THEM
SELVES ALONE ON A STRANGE IS-
LAND IN THE SOUTH SEAS! DON'T
MISS THEIR FIRST EXCITING AD-
VENTURE IN THIS STRANGE LAND—
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE BELL COMICS!!



INFERNO WALKING AWAY FROM THE HUMAN FLY'S EXHIBITION COMES TO THE ROBBERY.

I GOT HERE HELP! JUST IN TIME! THIEVES ROBBERS!

ANDIT'S CAR PARS BY FULL TILT AND....

YOU GOT COMPANY MISTER!

THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CRASHES INTO A HYDRANT...

AS ONE OF THE THUGS LASHES OUT TO SHAKE HIS PURSUER OFF THE RUNNING-BOARD, INFERNO LETS LOOSE BLAST OF SEARING FLAME.

ONE OF THE CROOKS IS KILLED. THE OTHERS LOSE.

I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! THE COPS'LL THINK I WAS ON THIS JOB!

I KNEW IT! THEY LET THE CROOKS GET AWAY AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!

I'LL DUCK INTO THIS BUILDING AND CHANGE BACK TO STREET CLOTHES! I'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THOSE COPS WITH THIS UNIFORM ON!

THE POLICE CHASE INTO THE BUILDING....



WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HIM? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO!



MY WATCH MUST BE BROKEN. I MUST HAVE IT FIXED.



WHY VIRGINIA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



THERE IS A GANG PULLING DAYLIGHT ROBBERIES. THE F.B.I. WANTS ME TO TRACK THEM DOWN. I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP!



WHOEVER IS BEHIND IT ALL IS CLEVER OR LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE NOONE ROUND AT THE TIME - IN SPITE OF THE FACT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

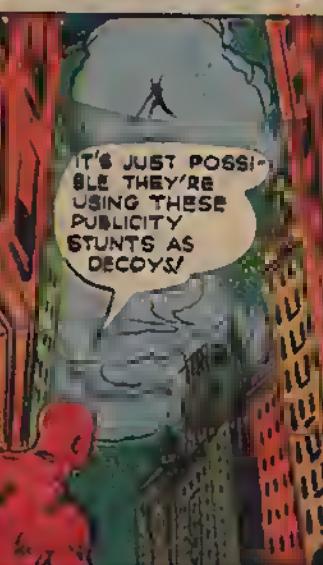
HMM... THAT IS A INCIDENCE!



JUST THEN, VIRGINIA IS ATTRACTED BY A STARTLING SCENE IN THE STREET....

"INFERNO! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!"

"WELL...WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT! A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE CARNIVAL IN TOWN, NO DOUBT!"





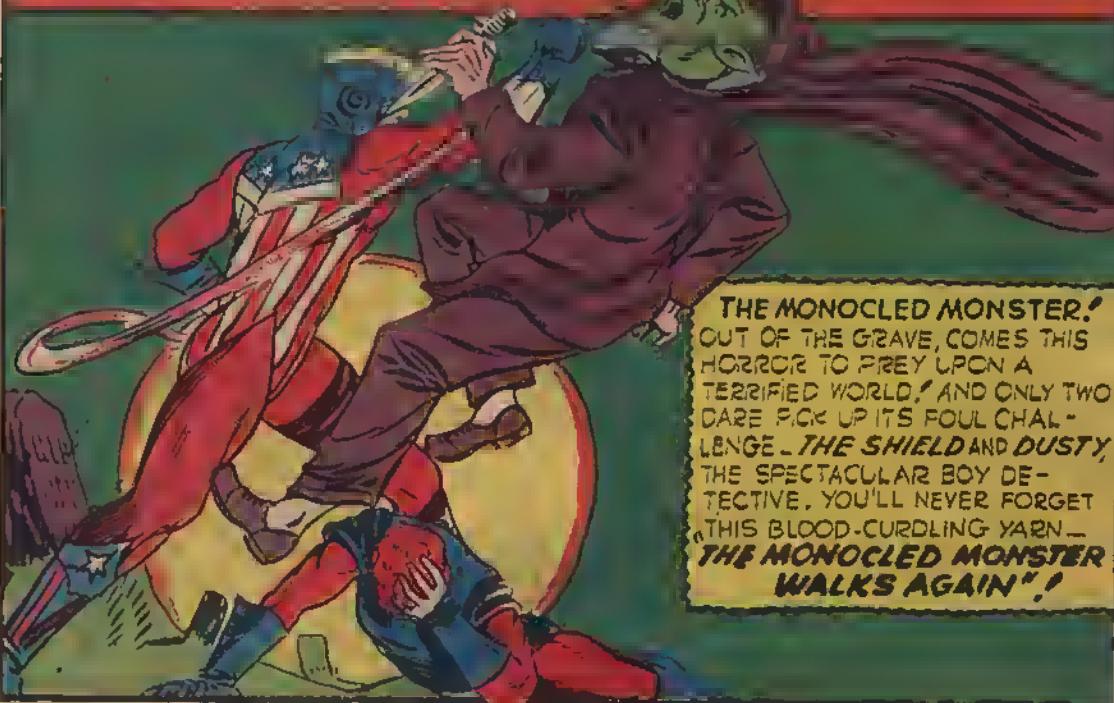
HERE
COME THE
COPS! BETTER
SCRAM!



SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 5

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS SOON!

LOOK FOR IT!



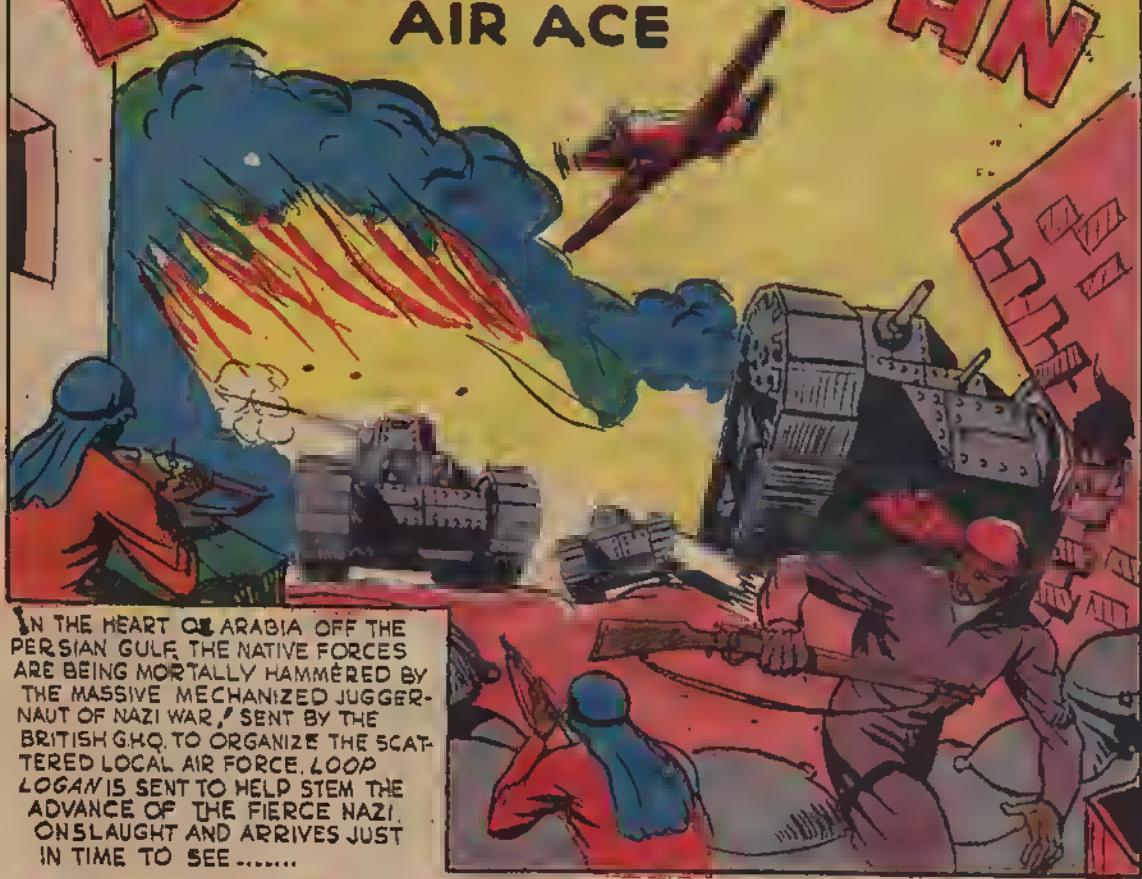
THE MONOCLED MONSTER!
OUT OF THE GRAVE, COMES THIS
HORROR TO PREY UPON A
TERRIFIED WORLD! AND ONLY TWO
DARE PICK UP ITS FOUL CHAL-
LENGE - **THE SHIELD AND DUSTY**,
THE SPECTACULAR BOY DE-
TECTIVE, YOU'LL NEVER FORGET
THIS BLOOD-CURDLING YARN -
**"THE MONOCLED MONSTER
WALKS AGAIN"!**



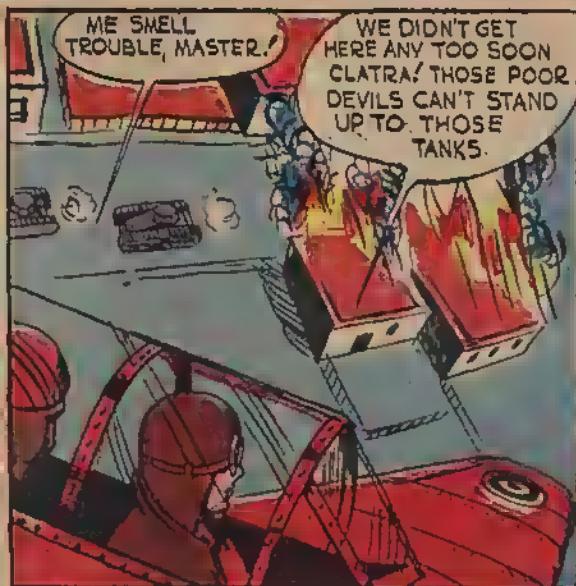
**"THE CASE OF THE RACE
TRACK MURDERS"**
THIS IS THE UNIQUE, ACTION-
PACKED ADVENTURE **THE
WIZARD AND ROY, THE SUPER-
BOY** HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU
IN **SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. 5** THRILL WITH THIS
SUPERB DUO!... LAUGH
WITH THE ANTICS OF
OSCAR, THE OSTRICH!

LOOP LOGAN

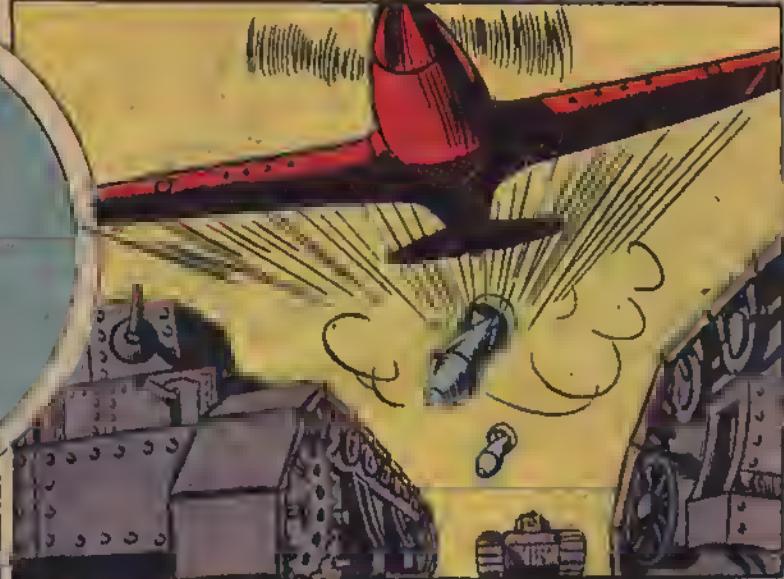
AIR ACE



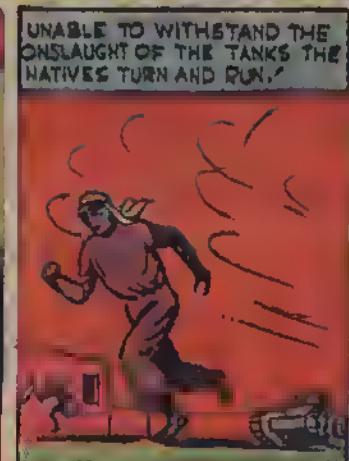
IN THE HEART OF ARABIA OFF THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NATIVE FORCES ARE BEING MORTALLY HAMMERED BY THE MASSIVE MECHANIZED JUGGERNAUT OF NAZI WAR, SENT BY THE BRITISH G.H.Q. TO ORGANIZE THE SCATTERED LOCAL AIR FORCE. LOOP LOGAN IS SENT TO HELP STEM THE ADVANCE OF THE FIERCE NAZI ONSLAUGHT AND ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE



LET'S USE THEM,
DROP THOSE EGGS!
NOW!



LOGAN'S UNERRING AIM SMASHES
TWO NAZI TANKS TO BITS.....



WE'VE GOT TO.
STOP THIS
RETREAT, CLATRA!

HERE COMES
LEADER GENTLE-
MAN WHO LOOKS
LIKE OFFICER!

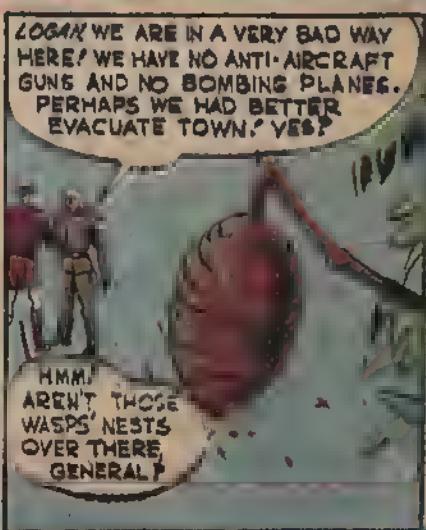


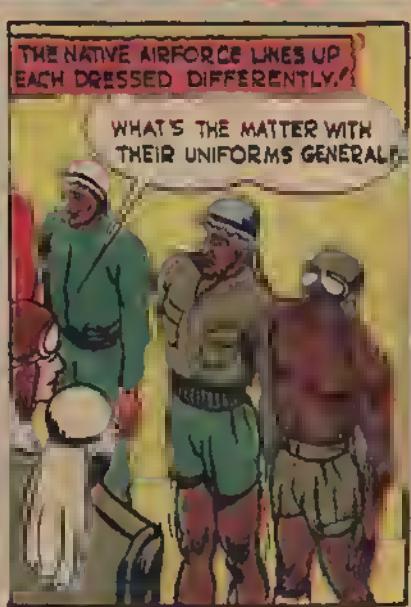
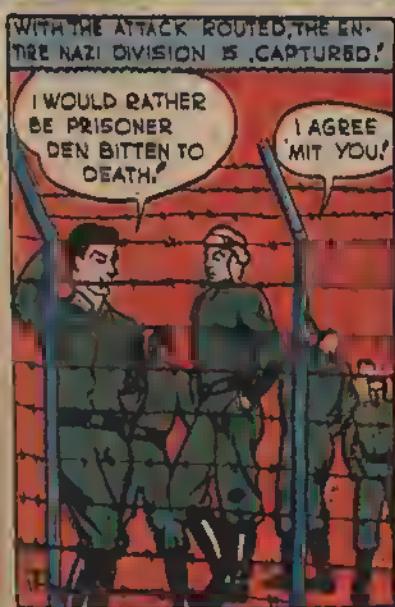
THAT'S ME!
GENERAL DADBAG
AT YOUR SERVICE!



LOGAN! WE ARE IN A VERY BAD WAY
HERE! WE HAVE NO ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS AND NO BOMBING PLANES.
PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER
EVACUATE TOWN? YES?

HMM,
AREN'T THOSE
WASPS' NESTS
OVER THERE,
GENERAL?





WE HAVE ONLY TWO UNIFORMS
FOR ALL OF US - SO SHARE ALL,
SHARE ALIKE.

HERE COMES A
MESSANGER. HE
LOOKS IN A HURRY.

GENERAL CADBAG, SIR... REPORTING
FROM OBSERVATION POST. FLEET
OF ENEMY PLANES SIGHTED MAK-
ING RECON-
NAISSANCE,
FLIGHT.

THERE'S NO TIME TO ASK
QUESTIONS! WE'VE GOT TO
GET YOUR PLANES UP IN
THE AIR, LEAD ME
TO THEM!

THERE'S NO
NAZI AIR
BASE WITHIN A
THOUSAND MILES
WHERE COULD
THEY COME FROM?

GREAT GUNS! IS THIS ALL
THEY'VE GOT? A FLEET OF
OLD FASHIONED JENNYS AND
TEN FIGHTER PLANES/
SOMETHING'S GOT TO
BE DONE!

HURRY MEN! HURRY,
WHEEL THE PLANE
OUT OF THE
HANGAR

WE HAVE
TWO MORE
MISTER LOGAN!

THAT'S IT! TWO OF
THEM TOGETHER
WOULD CARRY A
LOAD OF BOMBS!

TWO ARE
ALWAYS BETTER
THAN ONE MASTER



LOOP DIRECTS THE WINGE FLYERS TO CRUISE
THE PLANES IN PAIRS AND LOAD UP WITH
BOMBS....

ENEMY PLANE
MASTER!

HMM! WITH A
RETRACTING
LANDING GEAR,
THAT MEANS
THE BASE IS
AN AIRPLANE
CARRIER!

LATER, ABOARD THE NAZI AIRPLANE CARRIER, IN THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NAZI RECONNAISSANCE SCOUT REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER...

DEY MAH NO BOMBERS, NO BOMBERS, HERR CAPITAN?" HURRY OEN? LET ME FINISH DINNER AND WE FIGHT DEM TONIGHT, IT'LL BE EASY!

THAT NIGHT THE NAZIS TAKE OFF ON THEIR ERRAND OF DEATH!



AS THE NAZIS ZOOM SKYWARD SUDDENLY, LOOP LOGAN, LEADING FIGHTER PLANES, SWOOPS DOWN THROUGH THE



ATTENTION SQUADRON! DRAW ENEMY PLANES OVER THE PERSIAN GULF, AWAY FROM THEIR BASE!



WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY LOOP BREAKS AWAY FROM THE ARABS DIVES FOR THE REAR OF THE NAZI SQUADRON...



...AND PURES THE TRIGGER OF HIS SET OF MACHINE-GUNS....



NOT KNOWING HOW TO FLY IN FORMATION THE NATIVE FLYERS DISPERSE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



ACH! HOW CAN WE FIRE AT DEM? VY DON'T THEY FLY IN FORMATION?



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SKY FLY LOGG'S INGENIOUSLY DEVISED BOMBERS!



LOOP LEADS HIS BOMBERS OVER THE AIRPLANE CARRIER!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID, DEY VAS NO BOMBERS. LOOK OUT!



THE BOMBS FIND THE MARK AND THE CARRIER IS TOTALLY DESTROYED!



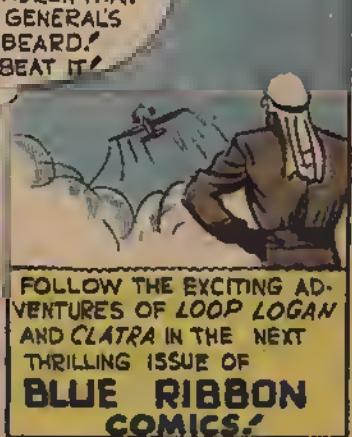
LATER... THE ENTIRE NAZI AIR-THRUST SUCCESSFULLY COUNTER-ATTACKED, LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA TAXI INTO THE ARAB FIELD!



LOGAN... YOU ARE A WIZARD... YOU'RE MARVELOUS... I FEEL LIKE... LIKE TO KISS YOU!



CLATRA! I'D RATHER FACE A WHOLE NAZI SQUADRON THAN THE GENERAL'S WET BEARD! LET'S BEAT IT!



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE OF **BLUE RIBBON COMICS!**

MR. JUSTICE

SO MR. JUSTICE HAS FOLLOWED ME EVEN INTO THIS WORLD! WHAT A SURPRISE IS WAITING FOR HIM!

MR. JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK HAVE ARRIVED IN THE WORLD OF THE ATOMS. A WORLD SO SMALL THAT IT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN BY MAN! ON THIS ASTROSCOPIC ODE, MR. JUSTICE HOPES TO TRAP THE GREEN GHOUl AND RID THE EARTH FOREVER OF THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF CRATH AND

S. COOPER

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRAP HIM INSIDE A RING OF FIRE WHICH I WILL CREATE WITH THIS WALL OF PURGATORY! I SHALL DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD - AND HIM AND THE GIRL WITH IT!

IN ANTIMATTER, WILL WE EVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH? OR ARE WE TRAPPED HERE?

WE SHALL RETURN TO THE EARTH, PAT - BUT ONLY AFTER WE

HAVE DESTROYED THE GREEN GHOUl.



THE GREEN GHOUL SCATTERS THE PURGATORY POWDER IN A CIRCLE AND THEN—

MR. JUSTICE! MR. JUSTICE! IF I'M THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR COME ON AND GET ME—IF YOU CAN!



THE GREEN GHOUL BUT WHY SHOULD HE CALL OUR ATTENTION TO HIM? HE MUST HAVE A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE—BUT I'M GOING AFTER HIM ANYHOW!



PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE, MR. JUSTICE...WHAT'S HAPPENED?



WE'RE TRAPPED, PAT! NO BEING— HUMAN OR SPIRIT— CAN PASS THROUGH THE FLAMES OF PURGATORY POWDER!



AS THE ROYAL WRAITH PURSUDES HIS ENEMY, THE GREEN GHOUFL FLINGS A FLAMING FAG-GOT INTO THE PURGATORY POWDER, WHICH FLARES UP—TRAPPING MR. JUSTICE AND PAT IN THE CENTER OF IT!!



THIS IS YOUR END, MR. JUSTICE! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN ESCAPE IS BY HAVING A CREATURE OF THIS ATOM WORLD RESCUE YOU!



AND THE ONLY CREATURES HERE WILL WANT TO DESTROY YOU, NOT SAVE YOU! YOU ARE DOOMED—BOTH OF YOU!



NOW I SHALL RETURN TO MY NORMAL SIZE AND DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD AS EASILY AS IF IT WERE AN EGG SHELL!



I'M SORRY, PAT! IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE BOTH FINISHED—FOR ETERNITY!





HE'S GONE, PAT! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, HE'LL DESTROY THIS ATOM GLOBE - AND US WITH IT!



BUT PERCHED IN ITS NEST, A MAMMOTH PTERODACTYL IS ATTRACTED BY THE TINY FIGURES!



THE BIRD OF PREY SWOOPS DOWN ON ITS INTENDED VICTIMS!

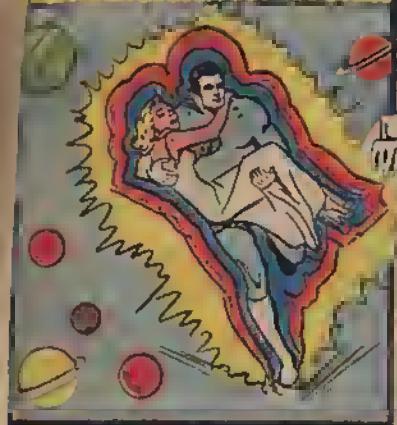


GOOD LORD! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!





MISTER JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK
GROW IN SIZE AS THEY
EMERGE FROM THE ATOM. AND
THEN—



THEY START THEIR DESCENT TO
EARTH!



THIS IS WHERE WE BEGAN
OUR ADVENTURE! NOW
WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON
WITH IT!



AS THE TWO REACH EARTH ONCE
AGAIN, MR. JUSTICE ASSUMES HIS
MORTAL FORM

BUT WHERE AM I TO START
LOOKING FOR HIM? I CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT
UNTIL HE MAKES HIS NEXT MOVE.
NOM! HE KILLED MR. TRACY AND ENTERED HIS BODY.
REMEMBER? DO YOU SUPPOSE HE INTENDS TO
USE TRACY'S BODY TO GET TO MY FATHER?
THEN KILL HIM AS WELL!



I, I'M SO AFRAID, PAT! I'M GOING TO
THAT'S WHAT GET IN TOUCH WITH
HELL DO!

DON'T BE AFRAID, PAT! I'M GOING TO
FATHER AT ONCE!
IF THE GREEN GHOUL
DECIDES TO STRIKE,
HE'LL SEE WHAT



MAYOR CLARK, AT THAT
MOMENT, HAS RETURNED
FROM A CONFERENCE IN
WASHINGTON AND ENTERS
HIS OFFICE...

AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE
BACK! I HOPE EVERYTHING
HAS GONE WELL WHILE
I'VE BEEN AWAY!



HELLO! WILL YOU HAVE
MR. TRACY STEP IN
HERE, PLEASE?

YES, MISTER
MAYOR!

SO IT'S MR.
TRACY HE WANTS
TO SEE, IS IT?
HE'LL SEE ME
SOON ENOUGH!





BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE ENTRAILS THE SCENE...

JUSTICE! YOU AGAIN!

THOUGHT YOU TRAPPED ME ON THE ATOM, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, YOU FAILED!

THE GREEN GHOUl DASHES MADLY OUT OF THE OFFICE...

I'LL GET HIM IN A MINUTE! RIGHT NOW, I'LL HAVE TO SEE HOW THE MAYOR IS!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, BUT STILL BREATHING. THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT! I'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM AND HAVE HIM TAKEN CARE OF. AND NOW, I'M GOING TO GET THE GHOUl ONCE AND FOR ALL!

MEANTIME, THE THING THAT EVIL SPAWNED RACES OUT INTO THE STREET BOWLING OVER EVERYONE WHO CROSSES HIS PATH!

YOU WON'T GET ME! I OUTWITTED YOU ONCE AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN!

THE GHOUl SOARS UP INTO THE AIR...

THERE HE GOES!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO REACH THE VOID BETWEEN THE SPIRIT WORLD AND THE MORTAL WORLD. I'LL BATTLE JUSTICE ON EVEN TERMS. AND DISINTEGRATE FOREVER!

THE GREEN GHUL REACHES THE VOID AND WATCHES THE APPROACH OF MR JUSTICE...

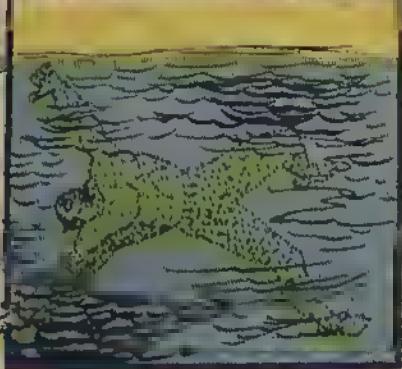
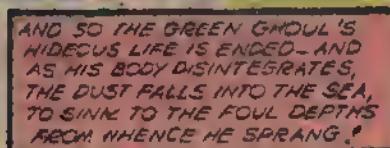
ALL RIGHT, JUSTICE! I'M WAITING FOR YOU! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME-COME AND TRY!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT HIS GAME IS- AND I'LL BE READY FOR HIM! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE FOR HIM!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DO! HE'S REACHED THE VOID- AND WHEN I GO IN TO BATTLE HIM, ONE OF US WILL FORFEIT ETERNAL LIFE UNTIL THE

I'M COMING, GHUL! AND I'M WARNING YOU THAT YOUR FOUL EXISTENCE IN THIS WORLD IS ABOUT TO END!

AND SO MR. JUSTICE RUSHES IN TO DO BATTLE WITH THE GREEN GHUL- THE OUTCOME OF WHICH WILL INFLUENCE THE FATE OF MANKIND ITSELF!



WITH THE DEATH OF
THE GHOUL, THE DEVIL
FLIES INTO A
TANTRUM!



JUSTICE PUT AN
END TO MY CRE-
ATION! BUT I
SHALL CREATE
AN EVEN MORE
HORRIBLE
MENACE THAN
THE GHOUL!
THAT FOOL
RUNS UP AGAINST
THE EVIL EYE!



MR. JUSTICE, MEANTIME, RETURNS TO THE MORTAL WORLD...



AND ASSUMES
HIS MORTAL
FORM ONCE
AGAIN!

WHILE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.
DAD! DAD! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



DEAD? YES, PAT!
DESTROYED FOR-
EVER! AND THE
WORLD WILL BE
A BETTER PLACE



IT WAS THE GHOUL, PAT.
VERY NEARLY FINISHED
ME OFF, TOO! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT SAVED
ME - I LOST CONSCIOUS-
NESS! OH - THERE'S
MR. JUSTICE!



YOU HAVE
DONE THE
PEOPLE OF
THE WORLD
A GREAT
SERVICE, MR.
JUSTICE!
THANK YOU,
MISTER
MAYOR!



IS IT THE CIVIL EYE? WHAT MONSTROUS CREATU-
RE IS IT? NEXT MONTH, MR. JUSTICE SETS OUT TO
OVERPOWER THIS CREATURE FROM THE
OTHER WORLD!

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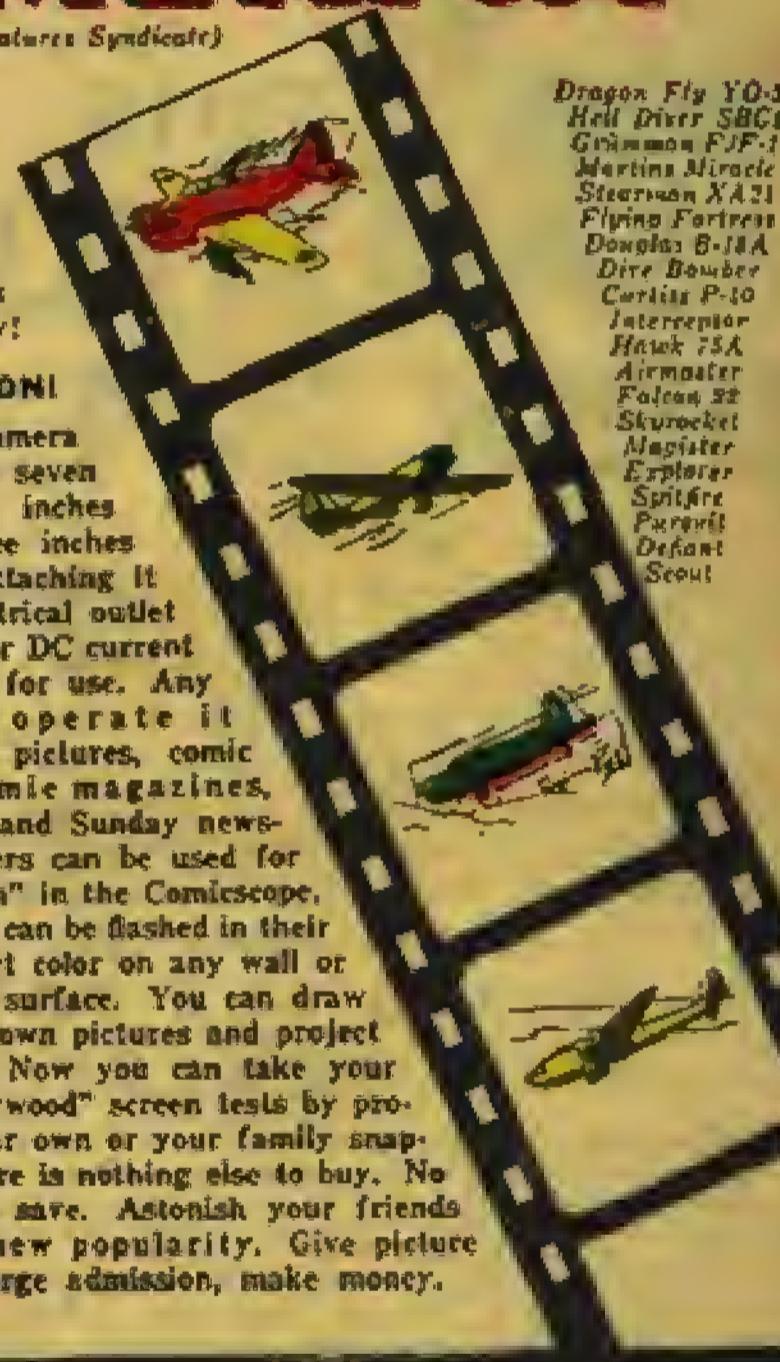
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